THE
CATHOLIC RADICAL

"...to foster a society based on creed instead of greed." Peter Maurin

June/July 2016 ***Price: For whatever it's worth.***

Peace Now!

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

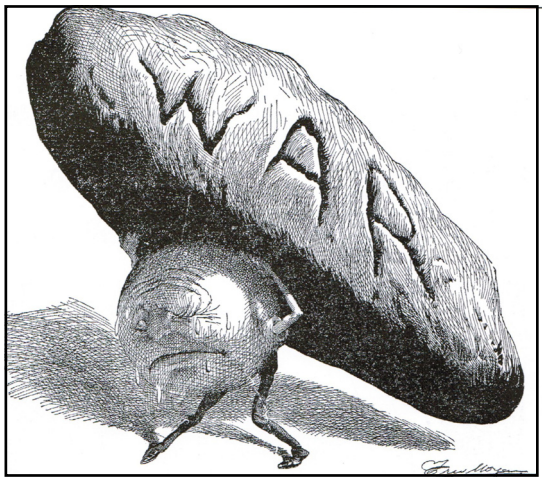
Cathy Breen, a member of Maryhouse Catholic Worker in New York City, has been to Jordan and Iraq many times since the first Gulf War in 1991. In a letter she sent from Northern Iraq on April 25, she said: *...We visited a sheikh whom I had met in Fallujah in 2012. He and his family were forced to flee to Kurdistan about two years ago. Fallujah is being held by ISIS. None of its residents are allowed to leave. People are literally dying of starvation....*

"We have lost everything," our sheikh friend said. "We are like babies just being born. We lost schools, universities, houses, bridges, hospitals, markets. All gone. People in the US need to know what their government did to the Iraqi people. All this pain, destruction and hurt."

Our host told of a woman who had no breast milk to feed her baby as she herself was starving. However, she had a goat, and, for a while, she was able to give this milk to her baby son. Then the goat died. At this point in the story, the Iraqi woman translating for me was unable to continue. Overcome by sorrow, she began crying and left the room to collect herself. I learned later that this mother searched desperately for someone to give her baby to in order to save his life.

...We were invited to join the sheikh's wife, watching children with other women.... This dear woman's mother, sister and daughter are all currently trapped in Fallujah, and with ten children in their collective care. On occasion she is able to reach them by phone. The women in Fallujah weep to her across the line. They are reduced to eating grass.

On April 26, *The New York Times* reported that the starvation in the Sunni city of Fallujah was the result of a siege by the Shi'ite-dominated Iraqi army, and that, throughout Iraq, "Shi'ite militias supported by Iran are carrying out kidnappings and murders and restricting the movement of Sunni Arab civilians." After the US military helped push back ISIS, Shi'ite militias prevented tens of thousands of Sunni civilians from returning to their homes.



"A Question of Endurance" by Fred Morgan, 1915

Cathy's report is just one of many snapshots from the many countries in which the US has intervened militarily in recent years. Disarray and suffering for civilians is a common thread.

A March report by Physicians for Social Responsibility calculates the body count of the Iraq War between 1.3 and 2 million. If you add the 1.7 million killed by sanctions and those killed by the US in Libya, Afghanistan, Yemen, Somalia, and now Syria, the death toll since Operation Desert Storm is well over 4 million.

And what have we accomplished by

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Ignazio Silone

by Dorothy Day

Editor's Note: Dorothy Day (1897-1980) was the co-founder of the Catholic Worker Movement. The following is excerpted from the her book On Pilgrimage: The Sixties. *She wrote this section in 1968.*

In wrestling with the problem of how to present the teachings of nonviolence in an age of mass violence, it seems to me that the writings of Ignazio Silone are of immense importance, not only with the story of the revolutionary returning secretly from exile, but with the call to a personalist approach which must precede any communitarian effort....

Silone was born in Pescina, an ancient town on the slopes of the Mariella mountains in Abruzzi. His father died when he was ten years old. There were three sons and the oldest was injured when he fell from a roof where he was playing and broke his back. He was terribly crippled, but his mind was keener than ever. He died at fourteen. The other brother was tortured to death by the Fascists. His mother lost her life in a terrible earthquake when he was fifteen. He went to school first in the village and then later in a seminary where he received a classical education.... He continued his education under the Jesuits in Rome. On one occasion he left school and wandered around Rome for three days; that and his Socialist leanings led to his expulsion. Later on, in the Mussolini era, he became a Communist and had to flee Italy and take refuge in Switzerland.

Fontamara was written in 1930 when Silone was in exile, and he said that writing was his only defense against despair. He was ill with tuberculosis. "Since it did not appear I had long to live," he writes in the introduction, "I wrote with unspeakable

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Vol. 32, No. 6 THE CATHOLIC RADICAL June/July 2016

Published every two months by:
The Saints Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker Community
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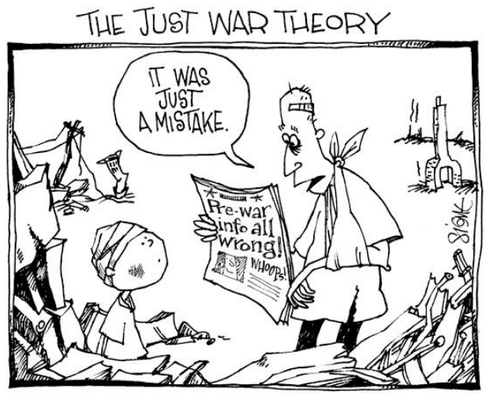
Founded in 1933 by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, the Catholic Worker is a lay movement serving the poor while denouncing injustice and proclaiming peace. We are not tax exempt. We rely entirely on the generosity of our supporters to meet our expenses. We welcome volunteers, letters, poetry, articles, artwork, and donations.

Peace Now

(Continued from Page 1)

taking so many lives? The reduction of Iraq to a pre-industrial era without reliable access to clean water, power, food, or healthcare. The imposition of tenuous, ineffective, corrupt, and highly unpopular governments in Afghanistan and Iraq. The increased popularity of Islamic movements hostile to the US and many fundamental human rights. The displacement of tens of millions of civilians. The destruction of the environment and antiquities. The enrichment of the military industrial complex at the expense of American social services, education, healthcare, and vital infrastructure. By all measures, the military adventures that began in 1991 have been catastrophic.

The notion that progress can be achieved through war is once again exposed as a pernicious lie foisted on us by war profiteers and their political stooges. For seventeen centuries, the Catholic Church greased the wheels of the martial meat grinder via the Just War Theory. Despite its intended purpose to limit war, the Just War Theory has, in practice, been the primary means of rallying people to war. It has helped governments, on all sides of each conflict, to drape a moral cloth over the consummate immorality of war. Its subjective language about proportionality has allowed those who murdered countless women and children in places like Coventry, Dresden, Hanoi, and Kandahar to do so without compunction or remorse. Only in the shadow of Hiroshima and Nagasaki did the Church wake to the demon it helped unleash. But while the Church's absolute rejection of nuclear war may have helped prevent Armageddon, its failure to reject war altogether has emboldened nations to devise and employ methods of killing with lethal consequences as appalling as any atomic bomb.



Signe Wilkinson

And now, Pope Francis makes it abundantly clear in his encyclical letter **Laudato Si** that human disregard for the Earth threatens to destroy all life on the planet and that preventing this catastrophe will require completely new practices of consumption, agriculture, energy production, waste disposal, and economic development. We can ill afford to further delay those changes by flushing more resources down the military toilet.

The imperative to not only reject the Just War Theory, but also to embrace Christianity's seminal value, nonviolence, has never been greater. The Vatican convened a conference in April which came to that very conclusion. One of the participants, Archbishop John Baptist Odama of Gulu, Uganda said: "Any war is destruction. There is no justice in destruction.... We should not give...reasons for war. Let us block them and promote relationships of harmony, of brother and sisterhood, rather than going to war." Marie Dennis, an American who serves as co-president of Pax Christi International said, "When we look at the reality of war, when we look at the teachings of Jesus, we're asking what is the responsibility of the Church? And it is, we believe, a responsibility to promote nonviolence.... As long as we say that dropping bombs will solve the problem, we won't find other solutions."

The group concluded: "Jesus is our inspiration and model. Neither passive nor weak, Jesus' nonviolence was the power of love in action."

This revelation is not new. As Peter Maurin, the co-founder of the Catholic Worker often said, it is so old that it seems new.

Near the end of his life, Napoleon Bonaparte said, "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I have built great empires. But upon what did they depend? They depended upon force. But long ago, Jesus started an empire that depended on love; and even to this day, millions would die for him."

Perhaps Pope Francis will pen an encyclical restoring the Church's fidelity to nonviolence. But, even if he does not, anyone who values Jesus' teaching and example can play a part in unleashing the power of nonviolence into the world which is starving for it. Let us redouble our efforts for peace and build on the hope that each individual action provides. As Dan Berrigan once said, "The gift we can offer others is so simple a thing as hope." Ω

Editor's Note: Please consider joining the weekly vigil for peace every Tuesday from 4-5 P.M. in Worcester's Lincoln Square by the World War I memorial.

Should Nations Apologize ?

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

In his 2012 book, *War, Guilt, and World Politics after World War II,* Boston University professor Thomas Berger argues that many factors make the cost of a national apology for past sins prohibitive. Instead, nations, victors and victims, create "official" narratives that whitewash the past. He says correcting the historical record exposes politicians to domestic and international backlash, and that an apology opens the door to demands for reparations and other economic and political concessions, costs most politicians are unwilling to pay.

And so nations spin facts. Turkey, for example, acknowledges that many Armenians were killed in World War I, but blames their deaths on the fog of war and vigorously denies that it committed genocide. Israel admits that it was able to create a Jewish majority state by the departure of most Palestinians in 1948, but insists that they left voluntarily for other Arab.

Sometimes nations stand the truth completely on its head to protect their interests. Until the revelation that President Kurt Waldheim was in Hitler's army, Austria was largely able to escape the blame for Naziism heaped on Germany. A candid Austrian joke boasted how they had been able to convince the world that Hitler was German and Beethoven was Austrian, even though the exact opposite is true. In other countries, unpalatable historical events are forcibly erased from memory, as China has pretty successfully done at home with the Tianamen Square massacre.

And so, Japan refuses to apologize to China for the rape of Nanjing or the sexual enslavement of Koreans. And the United States refuses to apologize for genocide against Native Americans, slavery, fire-bombing in Europe and Japan, the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the killing of two million people in South East Asia, and at least another million in recent years in the Middle East. We admit mistakes were made and bemoan the fact that innocent people suffered, but insist that bad things were done only in the pursuit of a greater good. As Maximilien de Robespierre, chief architect of the French Revolution's Reign of Terror, said, "You can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs." In this cynical vein, President Obama plans to visit Hiroshima, not to apologize but to sanctimoniously denounce nuclear war as if our nation had no responsibility for it.

But what Professor Berger downplays is the fact that unrepentant evil has long term negative impact on relationships and diminishes the possibility that similar evils will be prevented in the future. The refusal to apologize embitters victims, sowing

seeds of discord and violent revenge. The American refusal to admit we have ever done grievous wrong, has condemned us to bitter race relations, the threat of nuclear annihilation, and endless war. There is a price tag for refusing to say we are sorry for wrongdoing.

Thankfully, some politicians are willing to risk the public's ire by apologizing. British Prime Minister David Cameron did so after a government report took full responsibility for the killing of Catholic civil rights marchers in Derry, Northern Ireland, on January, 30, 1972 in an event commonly called Bloody Sunday. Cameron went before the House of Commons and said:

I am deeply patriotic. I never want to believe anything bad about our country. I never want to call into question the behavior of our soldiers and our army, who I believe to be the finest in the world....

But the conclusions of this report are absolutely clear. There is no doubt; there is nothing equivocal; there are no ambiguities. What happened on Bloody Sunday was both unjustified and unjustifiable. It was wrong.

After overturning long-standing British claims that the victims were armed and that British soldiers fired in self-defense, Cameron describes how one person was shot while crawling away from the soldiers, and then concludes:

The government is ultimately responsible for the conduct of the armed forces and for that, on behalf of our country, I am deeply sorry....

I would also like to acknowledge the grief of the families of those killed.

They have pursued their long campaign over 38 years with great patience. Nothing can bring back those who were killed, but I hope, as one relative has put it, the truth coming out can help set people free....

Openness and frankness about the past, however painful, do not make us weaker, they make us stronger....

And President Obama would do well to follow Cameron's lead in Hiroshima and apologize for what Americans did there and in Nagasaki. He could use his speech to educate the public that some of the highest level scientific and military leaders told President Truman in 1945 that the atomic bombings were immoral, unnecessary, and detrimental to long-term US security. Like Cameron, he'd have to roll back the lies told to Americans since August 6, 1945. He'd have to reveal that the Japanese tried to surrender months earlier, but, since the bomb was not yet ready, we refused them. He'd have to reveal the fact that the war was actually extended by the bomb and that Truman hastened the Nagaskai bombing out of concern that the Japanese would surrender before it could be used. Obama would have to admit that what we did was unequivocally wrong and that we are sorry for it. Such a statement just might derail current plans to modernize our nuclear arsenal and create real space for global nuclear disarmament.

As Cameron said, frank apologies for wrongdoing make us stronger. Ω

Ignazio Silone

(Continued from Page 1)

affliction and anxiety, to set up as best I could that village into which I put the quintessence of myself and my native heath, so that I could at least die among my own people."

But he recovered his health, and writing became the "secret dwelling place for the rest of a long exile." He writes that there is no definite break between the stories of the Solitary Stranger in *Fontamara*, Pietro Spina in *Bread and Wine,* Rocco in *A Handful of Blackberries*, and Andrea in *The Secret of Luca*. The hero in *The Seed Beneath the Snow* is still Pietro Spina.

"If it were in my power to change the mercantile laws of literary society," he writes, "I could easily spin out my existence writing and rewriting the same story in the hope that I might end up understanding it and making it clear to others, just as in the middle ages there were monks whose entire lives were devoted to painting the face of Christ over and over again."

When he returned after his exile and reread the text of those first two books for Italian publication, he began rewriting them both, because of the continued development in himself "during all those years in which I had continued to live in them."

For one thing, the emphasis was no longer on urging peasant uprising—he had long since lost his faith in Communism or in any other revolution directed by a bunch of bureaucrats. The emphasis is now on the individual, who conveys the message, one man to another, or man's dignity and capacity for greatness. And greatness means the overcoming of temptation and the laying down of one's life for one's fellows, in other words, the victory of love over hatred and mistrust....

When I first mentioned the book *Bread and Wine* in my column years ago, one of our bishops, a good friend, wrote to me that he was sorry to see me praising a writer who spoke of the Holy Father (Pius XI) as Pope Pontius Pilate. *Bread and Wine* is the story of the return of an exile, who hides out in the mountains of Abruzzi, disguised as a priest. When war is declared against Ethiopia he goes out in the night and chalks up his opposition on the public buildings of the village in which he is staying in the form of a large and repeated "NO!" When he is asked what good such puny dissent does, and why he is risking his life, which is so precious to others, by such a futile gesture, he replies that as long as one man says "NO!" the unanimity of consent is broken. At that time, it certainly seemed that the hierarchy and the clergy (all but Don Luigi Sturzo, that great Christian socialist) were blessing that war.

Bread and Wine by Viktor Trofimov

As far as I know, Silone is not what is generally called a practicing Catholic. I certainly did not presume to question him on the subject. But I do know that his writings bring us the Christian message and my heart is warm with gratitude. I know too that he is interested in and follows all that is happening in the Church, not only in the ancient order of the Trappists, the monks in the desert, but also in the seeds in the desert, the seed scattered by the solitary, Charles de Foucauld, those who go out into all the poverty-stricken places in the world and work for their daily bread and live the life of the contemplative in the world. Let us all pray for each other, that we may learn this profound truth, the way of the Cross which leads to joy and fulfillment and eventually to victory. Ω

Daniel Berrigan

by Robert Coles

Editor's Note: The following is excerpted from the 1971 book The Geography of Faith: Conversations between Daniel Berrigan when underground, and Robert Coles.

As I have read what others say about the man and his various ideas, I have realized how consistently he moves any number of us to anger, outrage, confusion, admiration, affection. A man of culture and refinement, he has lashed out at the academic and artistic world. A man versed in logic, and in many ways an obvious rationalist, indeed a skeptic, he can become all of a sudden mystical. I never wanted to "analyze" his personality, but its complexities kept appearing and never quite resolved themselves; I suspect they will grow and grow and become the full-blown paradoxes that significant lives so often present to us.

Meanwhile the rest of us (who live further away from the "edge" Daniel Berrigan keeps mentioning) will hopefully now and then ask of ourselves at least a measure of what he seems unable to spare himself—and I refer not to suffering or sacrifice, but the hard work of loyalty to the God Isaiah and Jeremiah called upon, the God in whose name Jesus Christ walked and spoke and taught and healed. It is, again, not for one living man to decide what another living man's worth will be when it is all over, when all of us alive are gone and the light of Judgment Day the Bible speaks of begins to fall upon us. But for better or worse the Reverend Daniel Berrigan, S.J. has never lost his loyalty to his fellowman and his God. He may have erred; he may yet err. He may have said unwise things; he may yet do so. Nearing fifty, a prisoner, very much alive, "in the middle way," headed for more notoriety and conflict (right now that is surely clear), he will not want to stop being among us, he will not want to let go of us—until one day he is told to do just that, to leave here and to go there, to become part of God's scheme of things in a way no living man can really imagine, let alone talk about. I fear it will only be then (as is so often the case) that many of us will dare acknowledge what we have all along had in such remarkable abundance in one man. Ω

Dan Berrigan's Spirit

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

Father Dan Berrigan, SJ, a renowned peace activist, non-violent civil disobedient, author of fifty books, and Jesuit priest, died on April 30. My wife Claire and I joined the throng at his wake and funeral at Saint Francis Xavier Church in New York City. Although we knew his brother Phil much better, we could not help but be moved by Dan in many ways.

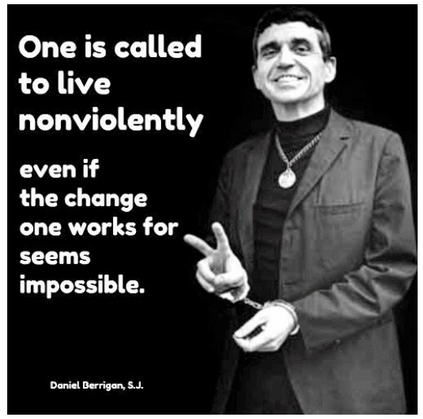
I saw Dan for the first time in 1978, when he said Mass in preparation for civil disobedience at the christening of the Trident submarine *USS Ohio*. Dan drew on his experience with cancer patients at Saint Rose's hospice in Manhattan to bring home the reality of radiation sickness and then gave us hope in nonviolent action.

I next saw him in 1979 at the University of Massachusetts where he was the keynote speaker at a Catholic Peace Fellowship day of dialogue between the anti-war, anti-nuclear power, and anti-abortion movements. I attended as a member of Holy Cross College Students for Life, a group of pacifists which confronted all the life issues.

In the face of loud heckling by abortion rights proponents who crashed the event, Dan said: "I come to the abortion question by way of a long, long experience with the military and the mainline violence of the culture, expressed in war. ...So I go from the Pentagon and being arrested there to the cancer hospital, and then I think about abortion clinics, and I see an 'interlocking directorate' of death that binds the whole culture. That is, an unspoken agreement that we will solve our problems by killing people in various ways; a declaration that certain people are expendable, outside the pale.... A decent society should no more have an abortion clinic than the Pentagon."

The following year, Dan came to Holy Cross and gave a great boost to our group's efforts to remove ROTC from campus. Dan said, "It is a schizophrenia that runs deep in the soul to try to teach students to love God and to kill in the same place."

My wife Claire's first exposure to Dan was at the University of Virginia where she read *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*. In this play, Dan explains why he joined eight other Catholics in burning draft files during the Vietnam War: "Our apologies, dear friends, for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children, the angering of the orderlies in the front parlor of the charnel house. We could not, so help us God, do otherwise...."



Claire had the privilege, years later, to be arrested with Dan in a "seamless garment" protest against war and abortion in Rochester, New York.

When I was invited to speak at a Catholic church on Rhode Island's Block Island, Dan let Claire and me stay in the cottage Bill Stringfellow bequeathed to him. While there, I learned something about Dan's humility and humor from his placement of many honorary degrees and certificates of award on the wall of the bathroom.

That humor was typified by a night in Manhattan as Dan and other civil diobedients were shackled and paraded from one police precinct to another. When the chain gang passed a well-do-do couple with wide eyes, Dan quipped, "Don't worry, we're filming a movie."

Dan did not let fame or poor health stand in the way of encouraging younger people. He gave his time generously to our son Justin, who interviewed him for a school project. When I expressed surprise that Dan answered the phone himself at the Jesuit residence, he said, "Of course I did. I've been waiting all week for your call." He once wrote to us that *The Catholic Radical* was his favorite CW paper, a compliment we were pleased to hear, but one we suspect he may have given with equal sincerity to the architects of other CW papers, perhaps even all of them.

The last time I saw Dan was at his wake. His body was just skin and bones, almost ephemeral, the remains of a person who gave of himself until there was literally nothing left to give. I marveled that one whose horizons were limited by priesthood, poverty, exile, jail, and chronic illness was so filled with the Holy Spirit. To the principalities and powers, to popular movements of the left and right, to his co-religionists and others, he reiterated, in and out of season, "No principle is worth the sacrifice of a single human being." Although he was schooled in it, he rejected the Just War Theory's false promise that good can be achieved by perpetrating evil.

Dan's wizened corpse evoked Saint Ignatius of Loyola's prayer:

Take, Lord, and receive all my liberty,
my memory, my understanding,
and my entire will,
all I have and call my own.
You have given all to me.
To you, Lord, I return it.
Everything is yours;
do with it what you will.
Give me only your love and your grace,
that is enough for me.

Thanks be to God, though, that grace was not going to be buried in Dan's coffin. Elizabeth McAlister, the widow of Dan's brother Phil, a life-long champion for peace, and the homilist at Claire and my wedding, told the mourners: "Sisters and brothers, it is of no service to Dan or to his memory for us to simply hold him up as an icon, especially in ways that exempt us from responsibility." To resounding applause she concluded, "How much better would it be if we asked for a double portion of Dan's spirit, and better yet, if we acted on it?" Ω

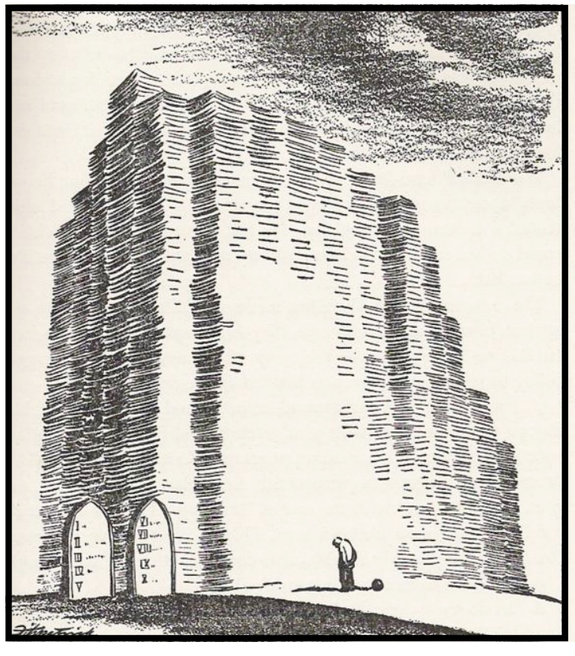
Guns and Children

On March 7, outspoken gun-rights advocate Jamie Gilt of Jacksonville, Florida was shot by her four-year-old son from the back seat of her truck. On April 21, a two-year-old boy in Indiana fatally shot himself with a gun he found in his mother's purse. Six days later, a Wisconsin two-year-old shot his mother to death from the back seat of her car where he found her boyfriend's gun on the floor. He was the 61st child this year in the US to unintentionally shoot themselves or another person.

Despite these tragic shootings, the gun culture is so strong that it is illegal in Florida for a pediatrician to warn patients about the dangers guns pose to their children and themselves.

Please join a monthly vigil for gun sanity at Worcester's Gun Parlor shooting range. See the CW Calendar for details. Ω

In Heaven there will be no law, and the lion will lay down with the lamb. In Hell, there will be nothing but law, and due process will be meticulously observed.
Justice Antonin Scalia



Daniel Fitzpatrick, winner of the 1926 Pulitzer Prize for Editorial Cartooning

The Laws of Moses and the Laws of Today

Letters

Dear Scott,
Your article "Fed Up With Sexism" raised many excellent points but I was rather taken aback when you said, "As a son, brother, husband, father, and Catholic, sexism makes me furious." Furious? You're fed up? Donald Trump's supporters are fed up. Islamist jihadists are furious. What's the difference? The righteousness of your cause? Everybody feels their cause is righteous. One's anger about something doesn't prove anything except that they're upset. There is no cheaper and more plentiful emotion in our world than anger. And I'll grant you, it's what makes the world go round. It's the modus operandi of the political and justice system. Almost everybody is outraged about something. Anger either intimidates or fuels more anger in return, or both. I think it is essentially violent, whether it implies physical threat or not.

But is this the way of the Gospel? Did the Father send his only begotten Son to die for our sins on the Cross because he was enraged at our sinfulness? Did Jesus die saying, "Okay, this is your last chance but next time at the Last Judgment, no more Mr. Nice Guy!" (Yes, sadly and tragically, this is often the theology we have been fed.) No! Jesus surrendered his life for us because he loves us. He grieves for our sinfulness. Our sin is a terrible wound in the heart of creation. The Cross of Christ is not ultimately about justice, it's about love. And love goes where the hurt is. Jesus is the vulnerability of God to the terrible mess we have made with ourselves and the world....

Paul del Junco
Toronto, Canada

Editor's Note: The August/September, 1989 issue of The Catholic Radical *included an article entitled "The Angry Christian" by Chris Douçot, which concluded:*

*I believe that the most important thing Scripture tells us about anger is that it cannot "**work the righteousness of God**" (James 2:19-20). I believe that only the sacrificial love of Christ can achieve the justice of God. For this reason I now try to heed the advice of Paul when I get angry: "**Be angry, but do not sin; do not let the sun go down on your anger, don't give the devil a chance to work on you**" (Ephesians 4:26-27).*

Chris went on to help found the Hartford Catholic Worker. On April 1 of this year, he stood within arm's length of Donald Trump at one of his rallies and shouted, "You're fired, you fascist!"

Although Chris and Scott both agree with Paul, they recognize how hard it is to avoid anger in the face of injustice.

Dear Scott,
I enjoyed your article on sexism: well said! I vaguely remember my mother saying she had wanted a dozen children: all boys! But say it isn't so: is there really a traditional Jewish morning prayer for men thanking God "for not making me a woman"? (hopefully outdated and not currently in use.)

Karen Petrella
Frankfurt, Germany

Editor's Note: Eliezer Segal, a professor of Religious Studies at the University of Calgary, wrote in 2012: "Few Jewish religious texts have provoked as much indignation and discomfort as the brief passage that is recited by traditional Jewish men at the beginning of the daily morning prayers: "Blessed are you, Lord, our God, ruler of the universe, who has not created me a woman." For many, it expresses a quintessential misogyny that lies at the core of our patriarchal religion.... Contemporary apologists for the blessing insist that it is not intended to disparage women or imply that they are inferior, but merely to express gratitude for the fact that men are obligated to perform more religious commandments." Professor Segal's article is at:www.myjewishlearning.com/article/who-has-not-made-me-a-woman/.

To the editor,
I'm over 60 now and still learning a great deal regarding the relationships between men and women...and as my favorite folksinger/songwriter/storyteller Utah Phillips says: "If we could just figure out what it is between men and women (re: violence)...everything else would work out just fine, I'm sure of it."

So...after my second reading of Scott's wonderful piece, "Fed Up With Sexism," I can certainly see where I need improvement in my own relationships, specifically with my dear wife Bev and our daughter Sam. You know, among other things, those stupid little jokes I sometimes tell about women: like women drivers or where a woman's 'place' is ... that are meant to be funny but can often display a deeper disregard/disrespect for women in general or, of course, in particular. YIKES!

Anyway, I'm still learning. Nonviolence isn't just about curtailing violent deeds, but violent words and thought as well. We can all learn this Truth. This article is a great start. Read/pass it along.

Tim Musser
Cleveland, Ohio

Legitimate Questions About 9/11

On May 13, 2016, former US Senator Bob Graham, a Democrat from Florida who co-chaired the Joint Inquiry Into the Terrorist Attacks of September 11, 2001, appealed to the Obama administration to release 28 pages of his committee's report that has been kept from the public.

Although he is prohibited by an oath of confidentiality from revealing details himself, he did say that Americans deserved to have answers to questions like: "Should we believe that the 19 hijackers — most of whom spoke little English, had limited education and had never before visited the United States — acted alone in perpetrating the sophisticated 9/11 plot?"

While many people lump 9/11 conspiracy theories with fantastical, anti-government paranoia, an organization of firefighters, architects, and engineers is presenting credible information challenging the theory that the hijackers acted alone. We encourage our readers to see their film on June 29 at 52 Mason Street. Ω

Catholic Worker Calendar

June 1 & 15 July 6 & 20 — Mass or Evening Prayer: Come join us in prayer and Taize chant at 7 P.M. 52 Mason Street. Followed by refreshments.

June 8 — An Eye for Others: Please come hear author Tom McDonough talk about his marvelous collection of the early writings of Dorothy Day. 7 P.M. 52 Mason Street. Followed by refreshments.

June 18 & July 16— Reversing the Gun Culture Vigil: Please join us opposite the entrance to The Gun Parlor shooting range. 12:30 - 1:30 P.M. 170 Prescott Street, Worcester.

June 29 — Firefighters, Architects, and Engineers Expose 9/11 Myths: Please come see an important film which credibly examines the 9/11 attacks. 7 P.M. 52 Mason Street. Followed by refreshments.

August 13 — Saints Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker Turns Thirty: Please mark your calendars now for a Mass and celebration of the founding of our community. Details will be available in July and the next issue of *The Catholic Radical*.

Mason Street Musings

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and ah!
bright wings. . .

Gerard Manley Hopkins

One evening at supper, our guest B., a Liberian woman, recalled a scene from her early childhood. She was between two and three years old, lying on the floor of her family's hut wailing, when her mother, who was outside pounding rice with several village women, rushed in and stooped over to squirt breast milk into her tiny mouth.

"Don't tell that memory," B's grandmother used to say, embarrassed by its intimacy. But B has kept this tender, maternal vignette alive within her for nearly sixty years, and I am glad for it. The week she told us her story, I felt like a wailing toddler. Outwardly I functioned as an adult. Inwardly, I was fretful and needy. I took comfort in likening the Holy Spirit to a nursing mother, attuned to the cry of my fussing soul, and quick to soothe.

Every day, B. dresses as if for a celebration. She wraps her head in a cloth as red as an African setting sun. Sparkling earrings dangle from her ears, and a scarf of vibrant blue or orange encircles her neck. The exuberant attire gives no hint of her sorrows and losses – the husband killed during the Liberian civil war, the recent cancellation of her sublet due to the building's foreclosure, and the health crisis that has put her job as a certified nursing assistant on hold.

One morning, she cried a bit over her uncertainties, but that was an atypical display of worry. During intercessions at Evening Prayer, I invariably run through my list of asks, "Give me this or that, O Lord." When B. prays, she gushes gratitude. "Father, I am so thankful to be here," she said one evening. "I want to dance around the world with You, Lord, flying above me."

Dan Mauk

We too want to dance in gratitude at our August celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the Saints Francis and Thérèse Catholic Worker. It is hard to believe three decades have passed since we opened our doors to this work of hospitality and concern for the Common Good.

In the front hallway of Mason Street hangs a poem by Dan Berrigan which begins, "People my heart with the living." I often think of that line as I trudge upstairs to welcome a guest, or when I look at the faces gathered around the kitchen table for supper. More than a thousand people from all walks of life and many corners of the world have sat at that table these past thirty years. (We hope to map all the countries represented someday.) One Easter, a votive candle scorched a black circle on its surface, and last week, a screw fell out when Andrew pulled on its extension. But I won't discard the table, battered though it may be, because of all the stories that have seeped into its wood.

Even a modest celebration – and our anniversary shindig will be modest – requires preparation. The garden fence needs mending and a new gate. The house has not been properly painted in years. I have fantasies of knocking down an interior wall downstairs to make room for those who will people our hearts in years to come. If home repair is one of your passions, remember us this summer.

Like B., I thank God for gifts given which include your letters and donations. They are essential encouragement for us. Please keep them coming. And come to our anniversary celebration. We plan to sing a Taize chant our friend Will taught us for Evening Prayer, a rousing number about the Kingdom of God being "justice and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." **Claire**

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